

# Star



from the Home of  
Great Rest.  
Army

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY, CANADA

VOL. V. No. 357

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## "Strike Me Still."

From the English "War Cry."

He had been drinking heavily for a fortnight, and had spent August Bank Holiday especially in desperate carousing, and the weather and Allen Ramadan's dinner-hour bible-reading were now the subjects of his satires and curses.

"If it rains devils will shall have to work or go without food," he grumbled with oath.

The six-months' old Salvationist workmate moved gently rebukes, and was savagely answered.

"I believe in neither God nor devil. If there is a God, I hope He will soon strike me still."

Aerial utterance!  
"God is not mocked."  
Only about five minutes afterwards the quarry-men were startled by a noise overhead—the side of the shale delph had given way, and almost instantaneously the expression of the terrible hope "was comp'd o' buried beneath two or three hundredweight o' o' rubbish.

Some alone only harmlessly roaches! God's servant.

Back rushed the men who had fled for their lives, and soon they uncovered the crushed, bleeding head of the man upon whom God's sure vengeance had so suddenly fallen.

"Pull me out," he moaned, and then relapsed into unconsciousness, which God soon after became death.

As quickly as possible they removed the enormous piece of stone that had broken his back and then, to their horror, they discovered that one leg was nearly severed at the thigh.

They had just enough time to move the mangled man, and get clear away, when between thirty and forty tons fell. Hoofbeats, beware!

Well might Allen Ramadan, while gazing upon his workmate's corpse, mutter, again and again, "Thank God, I'm saved." Had he not been a similar character?

His good old widowed mother had brought him up to attend the Wesleyan Church, and Sunday-school and had rejoiced when as became a class-member and tract-distributor, but oh, there's a "treble"—a whist—a curse in England the bright young man and woman, both before and since his fatal

spell first fell on Allen. When sixteen years of age, he was told he ought to join a sick club, and he himself felt he would much like to, but, being a teetotaler, he hesitated to connect himself with the only one near home, seeing that his meetings were held at the pub. What an awful knock the devil has of using "provident" societies to lead his victims to improvidence.

"If I belong to the club, and go to the saloon to pay my subscriptions, I need not buy anything there," thought Allen, and so he took what he thought a wise step.

At first he came out as soon as he had paid his "subs," but after a while he became used even to the bar, and would stay to chat a bit with respectable moderate-drinkers.

"Have something, lad," they would say, and so for sociability's sake he commenced

that if he did not yield to God his condition would worsen and worse.

All efforts for his redemption seemed useless, and at last, after bearing so long indignities, his mother, as a last resource, hoping to make him feel his lost condition, turned him out when he was twenty-four years of age.

His career then became a terrible one indeed; in low boarding-houses he was schooled in the profoundest wickedness. Sometimes he did not have their shelter, and lay out all night, not used to being drenched with rain, and often had his hair stiff with frost.

Between Warring-ton and Buncers he was

London as well as the provinces. He especially remembered and mentions those of Leeds 1, and Edinburgh 1. Many a deep sigh and wailing broke and enough all restraints on those emotions, and how he longed to be rested to righteousness, but he felt he could not be a Christian in the lodging-house, which were the only shelter he could hope for, therefore he remained in the mire of sin and sank deeper and deeper!

Back to Halifax he wandered, and, obtaining work, put up at one of the lowest of the family-like boarding-houses.

Thank God I was frequently visited by Salvationists, and, in accordance with promises they extracted from him, he commenced to attend the No. 1 barracks in Bleed Street.

For eighteen months he spent most of his nights there, and was thus kept from the saloon and prisons and was possessed with growing desires, and, moreover, hopes for salvation. Thank God, on the 20th of February last, these gave birth to repentance, and, after that, salvation.

From the penitents' form that Thursday night he went to his boarding-house determined to confess Christ. The crowd of men were much astonished when he walked into their midst and informed them that he had just come from the Army's penitents' room and was in future going to serve God who had forgiven all his sins. They laughed loudly and said that bit of excitement would soon wear off.

Down on his knees went Allen before he got into bed, much to the amusement of the five others in the room. The sounds of their checking made him bolder, however, he prayed aloud and earnestly, an experienced room had most probably never known before. Fillets and other missiles flew about, but with his soul full of joy he cared not.

Some of the men afterwards deigned to accompany him to the meetings on his promising to testify, and his conversion has not been without effect upon those who were formerly his chums; for from it, "Stick to the Army, lad," many of them now say, glad, after all, to see him still true to the profession of six months ago. Are you in bondage of any sort? There's freedom for you.



## DISBELIEF IN GOD AND ETERNITY SHATTERED.

with lemonades, etc., and after a while even "sopped" them with the addition of a little "spik." Unmixed sals soon followed.

IN STRICT MODERATION, OF COURSE!

but, ah! it's that that breeds the drink fever, and—poor Allen caught it. Things became very serious; his poor old grief-stricken mother begged and implored him to return to the way of sobriety; his class-leader and other devoted Wesleyan friends hung on to him, with prayers and entreaties warning him

once glad of the accommodation afforded by an enamel ware-pipe, which had been placed temporarily by the road-side.

A policeman, who discovered him under a hedge outside Bradford, astonished him with kindly words and a gift of ten cents to pay for a night's doze in the town.

OF COURSE HE BECAME A JAIL-BIRD, and between June 1st, 1896, and March 17th, 1897, he served five sentences, three of which were months, in Wakefield. In the course of his tramping he had listened outside many Army rings, in

ence the room had most probably never known before. Fillets and other missiles flew about, but with his soul full of joy he cared not.

Some of the men afterwards deigned to accompany him to the meetings on his promising to testify, and his conversion has not been without effect upon those who were formerly his chums; for from it, "Stick to the Army, lad," many of them now say, glad, after all, to see him still true to the profession of six months ago. Are you in bondage of any sort? There's freedom for you.

that at each of these knee-drills, demerits and defeat victories were claimed for the Navy. I happened to drop into the room when Major Morris was telling the soldiers of their individual responsibility. "We must help God in this matter," he said. "Amen!" my vocal replied. The men at Centre Street then had a good time. The Editor enjoyed himself immensely. That's good, Blues Corps. The up is down. Keep low and up you

**Memorial Service.**

powerful, and at times in least com-  
pensation and earnestness, the Com-  
missioner invited sinners to God. It was a  
mixed, medley meeting, yet through it all  
ran a blessed spirit of unity, liberty and  
life. Grand forecasts of what was to come;  
Oh, how he pleaded with us to continue  
and keep on the old trodden, well-beaten  
track of the suffering Jesus.  
Said he in closing, "If the devil can  
tempt you, he can't conquer you."

It was a memorial service for our dear comrade and brother, Mr. Goodenham. Commissioner played for God's inspiration and direction, making mention of the departed saint. "He tried a soldier's life, he died a soldier's death, and he has made his

cera. Silently and steadily the six hundred salvation soldiers marched up Yonge and along Carleton street to the church. God marched in and all around us and the people of all grades and conditions who crowded the sidewalks felt His hallowed

platform like some girl of seventeen, instead of the ripe age of 77. The table was filled with officers and soldiers, who sought divine help and liberty. God touched the Commissioner's lips in a very special manner, and his words in that last song lived in the hearts of those who heard.

...in the front of the flight...

After the singing and much eager sought-for information as to the nature and life in the Home of Rest, the old lady departed with many expressions of pleasure and the determination to come again.

**Sunday Night's Meeting.** to do. He keeps me. Supposing you want to run off and meet God as Mr. Gooder-

paint. "He lived a soldier's life, he died a soldier's death, and he has gone to his heaven."

When Fisher heard that the soldiers' graves were to be opened, he said: "I know the chains of sin are broken."

"Oh, what a happy death!" he ex-

at the most impressive part of this

in Toronto was 'All round Army chariot rolls.' How day! I'm glad I was born Pardon me, Methodist people say to me, 'How

eleven and twelve the Chief mounted the long table which

will not be forgotten.

(More next week.)

(More next week.)

# STRIKE!

# Jannah Bacon

**er-Life and Triumphant Pro-  
motion to Glory.**

So she proved to be, and nothing grieves a righteous soul more than to see gifts of the corps careless, giddy, and trifling. She longed for all to be as whole-hearted as herself.

The following February she went in

Jesus is coming. Kiss me once.  
Precious Jesus, and her breath grew  
as she whispered, "Bless His  
precious Jesus."  
Bending over her, her mother  
the last words, "Over the river  
Jesus." So she slipped away to

more. The immense amount of work, but necessary to induce poor farmers to come to the cross. God will yet think it necessary to come, to test our faithfulness by allowing us to be the few against the many.

loops, where you have  
Salvation Army.

where thirteen years,  
the Army in Kal-  
pleasure of listening  
speak at a meeting.

His dear wife has been sick with us in a few days, and I don't think that every department of the Salvation War in Canada will

precious love  
one object of  
that which is  
part shall be  
to this end th

of Jesus, and I come to Canaan  
my life fully before me, viz: to  
lost. I am determined that  
hinder or prevent the Spirit of  
through me. I am at your service

Canada with the  
seek and find  
nothing on my  
God working  
ce for the Sal-

us in Thy world without.  
hurricane, the surging wave  
ke's wild upheaval—also i  
of tiniest birds or upw  
ve the sod.  
"Tis manifest

The time is drawing on  
**SELF DENIAL WEEK.** It

What we want is a down-out strike for combs and the

**Don't forget the DENIAL WEEK from NOVEMBER 1**

at the SELF-  
K takes place  
h to 16th in-

We shall give a lot of information next week. You buy a War Cax and read it.

good news and you had better believe it. . . .

ance, and with  
on the flesh-pots.  
dic.  
Moses, Samuel, and  
of how God is de-  
probation of those  
in their devotion to

The time  
SELF-DENY  
place NO  
16th incl

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IAL WEEK. It ta  
OVEMBER 10TH  
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...but not to rest, for the conflict  
progress in his soul will give him no peace

[illegible]

I would take this

...in heaven we  
...as well to be in  
...hair and garments  
...articles of adorn-  
...ladies and gentle-  
...four rings on one  
...custom, but it's a  
...which would the King  
...Christians disar-  
...Comments alone  
...ends of sinners might  
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## VERY IMPORTANT.

## OFFICIAL NOTICE

All correspondence from this date concerning Salvation Army business, must be addressed to Commissioner Adams, 400 Broadway, New York City. All cash remittances, Cheques, Postal Orders for War Cries, God, Books, etc., must be made payable to

T. H. ADAMS,

General.

N.B.—This is very important.



Composed expressly for the WAR CRY.

## 1. A Song of Praise.

(This is a real good Anniversary song. Sing it.)

Tune—God on the march.

As Thy wonders work we see,  
Thou great Salvation Army,  
It has brought such joy and peace,  
Thanks to Thee shall never cease.

For ruler Thy Salvation Army  
comes,  
Shout "Hallelujah! Glory to God!"  
For all the vict'ry He has won;  
With new faith we'll onward go,  
Driving back our every foe.

We were watched soldiers all,  
Tightly bound in Satan's thrall,  
When fanned by the Salvation Army,  
Brought us into Thy night,  
And led us into the dawn.

Thank God for the Salvation Army!  
When we came back to our sin,  
That devil tried to take us in.

As to the Salvation Army;  
And that others, too, may know,  
That cannot save from sin and woe,  
We fight in the Salvation Army.

We are thankful for the way  
That dost lead us every day,  
We fight in the Salvation Army;  
And until Thy summons comes,  
We will march on to the dawn.

And sing Thy Salvation Army.  
Then upon the plains of life,  
We shall walk with Thee in white,  
With all the great Salvation Army.

With all the great Salvation Army,  
We'll thank Thee Thou dost lead us on,  
Us, through Thy Great Salvation Army.  
HEART-CAST, MARSHALL, REG.

2. An Invitation.

Tune—A. K. M. W. W. W. W.

O you hear your Saviour pleading,  
Hear Him knocking at your door,  
If you'll leave your sin and sorrow,  
Of His love He will impart.

Now, if there's one thing that I do like to  
do,  
It's a man whose profession and life agree;  
So let it be everywhere known and  
seen.

That you're always to God and your principles true,  
Then work away, comrades, your work's  
done.

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## 3. Up to Standard.

BY REV. R. H. RYAN, M. C.

Tune—From my country heart.

O H. I left my sin and folly once for all,  
And I now have constant pleasure every day.

For I'm cleansed and saved and fully free,  
Every day, every day.

In my joy I feel the Saviour near me abide,  
Every day, every day.

In my mind there is no shade of doubt or  
fear.

For my life with man and God is right;  
Since I have this full and free salvation

in the "hallelujah" light.  
All my heart is filled with joy and light.

I'm trusting fully in the Crucified,  
And my garments they are spotless white;  
I'm living in the Saviour's risen side.

Walking in the "hallelujah" light.

4. Knee-Drill Song.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

Tune—

THEY say there are soldiers in some  
of our corps  
That you never see at knee-drill any more,  
In their beds, in cots and stoves,  
For they sleep, and they sleep or to rest  
in their beds.

They turn themselves over and over again,  
"I'm tired, and O, it's so early to rise,"  
So again they roll over and close their eyes.

As the clock strikes one they're aroused  
And even yet it's too early morn,  
But they get their breakfast and off they  
go.

And just reach the hall as the march comes  
in,  
Then, over, and over, and over they sing  
their favorite song, "I'm the child of a  
King."

And "I'm not my own," you will hear  
them say,  
They forget the time they go up they  
say.

It's the Free-and-Easy they like the best,  
So they get their dinner and have a rest;  
And they're on the march, but they never  
rest.

"Twould nearly kill them to do such a  
day,  
In the line meeting again they sing  
"I'm not my own," I'm the child of a  
King."

"My hands and time are the Lord's,"  
they say,  
But don't mention the time they get up  
that day.

At night of course they are full of fear,  
And "go on," as if they would never leave;  
"The burden of souls," they say, lies on  
their hearts.

But you'll see how they go home, when the  
prayer meeting starts,  
That you're always to God and your principles  
true, and into the  
night.

"Why don't people get saved," they  
say,  
"Satan's officers can't be right,"  
Or there would have been somebody saved  
last night."

Now, if there's one thing that I do like to  
do,  
It's a man whose profession and life agree;  
So let it be everywhere known and  
seen.

That you're always to God and your principles true,  
Then work away, comrades, your work's  
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## 5. Welcome, Commissioner!

BY REV. R. H. RYAN, M. C.

Tune—From my country heart.

THEY say there are soldiers in some  
of our corps  
That you never see at knee-drill any more,  
In their beds, in cots and stoves,  
For they sleep, and they sleep or to rest  
in their beds.

They turn themselves over and over again,  
"I'm tired, and O, it's so early to rise,"  
So again they roll over and close their eyes.

As the clock strikes one they're aroused  
And even yet it's too early morn,  
But they get their breakfast and off they  
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And just reach the hall as the march comes  
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Then, over, and over, and over they sing  
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BY REV. R. H. RYAN, M. C.

Tune—From my country heart.

THEY say there are soldiers in some  
of our corps  
That you never see at knee-drill any more,  
In their beds, in cots and stoves,  
For they sleep, and they sleep or to rest  
in their beds.

They turn themselves over and over again,  
"I'm tired, and O, it's so early to rise,"  
So again they roll over and close their eyes.

As the clock strikes one they're aroused  
And even yet it's too early morn,  
But they get their breakfast and off they  
go.

And just reach the hall as the march comes  
in,  
Then, over, and over, and over they sing  
their favorite song, "I'm the child of a  
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And "I'm not my own," you will hear  
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They forget the time they go up they  
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It's the Free-and-Easy they like the best,  
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That you're always to





T. H.

CHARA! the boys don't be selfish!

Broader a field some time ago we saw

two lone, one of whom had an apple, and

was like an unselfish lad, going into the

with his companion, who was not so

fortunate as to possess an apple.

Would there were more of this unselfish

spirit in the world! It would be much

cheaper and happier.

We would have a rare chance

during Self-Denial Week of

showing our unselfishness—in

we make use of the chance by all

means.

**GREAT MUSICAL TOUR**

— THROUGH THE —

**Eastern Provinces.**

(Continued from last Cry.)

Having finished our meetings at Osh-

awa we were booked for Montreal Saturday

Sunday, at which town we arrived in

time.

Soon we held the wonderful Sammy

Sammy was a drunkard.

A drunkard was he;

but through the great S. A. was brought

to the fountain, and there he stood on

the platform a full hour with him. But

he did not bring him down with him. I

thought, "I also saw the man D. O. Williams."

I brought the young D. O. to meet the

young man.

We were soon again killed and meet-

ing time rolled round, so with spirit

we went out. What a mighty crowd we

met on the street! The house seem-

ing to be the drum, some of them, got

up to dance, but then the time, "Will

you be a drunkard?" said the voice of

the speaker.

The meeting ended was quite a musical

time. We were all with a

good feeling. "Sing down, boys," and

the Captain had all he could do to get

him into the house. He had made

a fine singer, but (some came out) but he

times have put him out, then. Donald

## THE WAR CRY.

quies a crowd. We had a splendid

quies a crowd, and so much interest

quies a crowd, but a week was not

quies a crowd. Capt. B. Allen was not

quies a crowd, but a week was not

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THEMPE CORPS.

Their Return Visit to Toronto.

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